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'When I Came to the Cross I Was Beaten.'

God's power is far stronger than the devil's.

Jesus Christ promised that 'power from on high' should come on the disciples, who were to wait for the promise of the Father. This came to pass on the Day of Pentecost.

When Paul described the Gospel, he declared it to be the 'power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.'

That Gospel is constantly proving itself to be such a power.

When the famous geologist, Hugh Miller, in the year 1845, visited England, he was so

'AT THE DOOR OF THE VILLAGE ALEHOUSE.'

struck by much that came under his notice that when he returned to Scotland he published in a book his 'First Impressions of England.' Amongst other records he gave an account of his visit to the village of Olney, so celebrated as the residence of the Christian poet Cowper. But Hugh Miller found it a village with the power of evil very prominent. He saw a man named Bendigo at the door of the village alehouse, and learned that he had lately beaten another pugilist in a horrible prize-fight which had lasted for no less than ninety-five rounds.

What would Hugh Miller have said if anyone had asked him if he thought it likely that that brutalized man would become a gentle and loving Christian and a preacher of the Gospel?

Exactly thirty years passed away. In the year 1875 the 'Daily Telegraph' astonished thousands of people by publishing an account of the conversion of Bendigo, as told by himself in many a service where he preached.

The man who had won the championship and three hundred guineas from Caunt at Olney, had been in gaol by the time he was sixty years of age no less than twenty-seven times.

During his last term of imprisonment a sermon was preached one Sunday by the chaplain which roused Bendigo's attention, for the subject, being the fight between David and Goliath, was just in his line. To him Goliath was just another Ben Caunt. He forgot, in his newly-aroused interest, where he was, and at the close of the sermon bawled out, 'Bravo! I'm glad the little 'un licked!' He kept thinking over this wonderful story in his cell, and decided in his own mind that someone must have helped the 'little 'un' to kill the big giant.

The next Sunday the sermon was on the story of Shadrack, Meshach and Abednego. He fancied that the name of the third was 'Bendigo,' and he said to himself, 'Why, if one Bendigo was saved, why not another?'

On the next Sunday the subject was 'Twelve Fishermen.' Being himself a keen angler, Bendigo was thoroughly interested.

The next sermon was about the seven hundred left-handed men in the Book of Judges. Bendigo was a famous left-handed fighter, so that this riveted his attention once more. He thought that the Bible must be a very strange and wonderful book, for it seemed to be written all for himself. His soul was deeply moved.

On his release from prison he found his old companions waiting for him; but he at once informed them that he would never again enter a public-house. He went at once to a religious meeting, and that very night on his way home fell down on his knees in the snow and yielded himself to the Saviour.

Bendigo had fought in twenty-one matched contests and had never been beaten in any one of them; 'but,' said he, 'when I came to the cross I was beaten first round.'

He then began to work hard to learn to read and write, in order that he might be the better able to go out and tell the world what a sinner Christ had saved, and what a Saviour he had found. This he did, and was an earnest follower of Christ until his death.

Here, then, was an exhibition of the power of God in salvation. The Holy Spirit exercised His power in this man. The Gospel showed its power in his changed life. And when a man is truly under the power of God, a changed life makes itself manifest.

Reader, has the Holy Spirit shown His power in your life?—'Light in the Home.'

'Don't Forget to Pray.'

Bishop Edwards, of precious memory, once made that request in our hearing. He was preaching in the chapel at Otterbein University. His audience was made up of the members of the faculty, students, and resident members of the church.

For some reason, preaching was not going easy with the Bishop that morning. Usually he was fluent, eloquent and impressive. His fine physique, his sturdy manhood, and his Christian zeal, made him an impressive, thrilling expounder of the Word, and 'the people heard him gladly.'

But this time he had not proceeded far until it was evident that he was not in his usual preaching mood. Suddenly he stopped, looked intently for a moment into the eyes of those occupying the 'amen corner,' and said solemnly, 'Brethren, don't forget to pray.'

He then apparently recovered himself and proceeded with his sermon, but in due time it was evident that he was worse 'brushed' than before. He stopped again, and exclaimed in thrilling tones, 'Brethren, don't forget to pray.' His manner and his request impressed us with his sincerity, and his conscious need of Divine help. It also was evident that he realized that it was the duty and privilege of the members of the church to help the preacher with their prayers—to pray while he preached—but that they were too prone to forget this important part of their relation to the public services of God's house.

And, by the way, is it not the fact to-day that many, very many church members forget to pray while the preacher preaches? They go to church, not to help in the services, but to be entertained; not to pray, but to fill the pews.

How many truly realize the importance of their helping the preacher with their prayers? Are there not many who forget to pray, and then, when they go away dissatisfied with the sermon, criticize the preacher and wholly overlook the fact that they forgot to help him with their prayers? May it not be that if there was much more devout, ardent pray-

ing by the members while the preacher is preaching, there would be much greater results springing out of his pulpit efforts? 'Paul may plant, Apollos water, but God must give the increase.' 'And will not God be inquired of by His people concerning these things?'

A devout, earnest, praying, membership will make even a weak preacher's efforts bring much fruit to the glory of God. For the membership of the Church to forget to ask God to bless the word spoken from the pulpit, is proof conclusive that they are, at heart, indifferent as to the results of the preaching service; and yet God has designed, through the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe. Faithful work and good preaching on the part of the pastor are very important, but not less vital to the success of the cause are the devout, earnest prayers of the members of the Church. God does help when His help is devoutly sought by all the people. 'Brethren, don't forget to pray.'—'Religious Telescope.'

Go Forward Like Abraham.

You have to carry many a cross, but you need them, since God lays them on you. He knows how to select them; it is the fact of their being his selection which disturbs and roots out self-will. Crosses which you picked out and thought well to bear, so far from being crosses and means of death unto self, would be all that was wanted to sustain and strengthen self-will.

You complain of your interior darkness and poverty; 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' 'Blessed are they who, not having seen, yet have believed.' It is not far enough for us to see if we can perceive our own frailty, and not attempt to palliate it? If we see our own darkness, it will do! There is then no light whereby to indulge a curious disposition, but as much as is needed for mistrusting self, setting self aside, and yielding to others. What would that goodness be worth of which a man was always inwardly conscious, and with which he was satisfied—a mere visible light?

I thank our Lord that he deprives you of so dangerous a stay. Go, like Abraham, 'not knowing whither;' follow the leadings of lowliness, simplicity, and self-denial, and you will acquire peace, recollection, gentleness, detachment, forbearance, toward others, and contentment under all your troubles.—Fenelon.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

The Victorian India Orphan Society.

Our last report of most encouraging progress, both intellectually and spiritually, amongst the girls and boys in our Orphanage at Dhar, Central India. Latest letters show a very different aspect of their lives; twenty girls all prostrate with malarial fever; skilful, loving care, and nineteen restored to health; one little one, Chanduli, taken; a sorrow-stricken company of girls, for she was dearly beloved, and this was the first death amongst them for nearly five years. Chanduli knew for some days that she would not recover, and she said she wished to go and be with Jesus; two of the older girls took charge of her, one nursing and caring for her during the day, and the other during the night. All the care and attention that love could give being lavished upon her. She was so happy when I was with her, she would reach out her hand to me, and move over in the bed to get closer. I felt her death keenly, all the girls being very dear to me, but could give her to the loving Saviour, who had permitted me to be with her, and teach her about the One who loves the little children.' What an atmosphere of love, and how different such a death to the passing away of the vast numbers who have never even heard the name of Jesus.

Our heartfelt sympathy is with our dear missionaries also in the great loss they have sustained in the sudden illness and death of Mrs. Russell's father, the Rev. Thos. Evans, of Moradabad, a noble and beloved missionary, who has labored in India for fifty-two years.

INDUSTRIAL FUND.

Receipts for this Fund up to Jan. 8th amounted to $219.75. Many are delaying sending in their subscriptions, hoping by so doing to make them larger, and we heartily hope they will be very successful in their efforts; when we remember that those we are helping by this fund are 'out-castes' for Christ's sake, it should stimulate our generosity, and besides, it is providing the means of making a decent living for the growing-up boys in our Orphanage, for whom otherwise there is so very little opportunity.

Will contributors kindly give their addresses. The Treasurer regrets being unable to send receipts to a few kind donors because no addresses were given. Contributions to be sent to the Sec.-Treasurer of the Victorian India Orphan Society, Mrs. Crichton (A. S.), 142, Langside St., Winnipeg, who will be glad to give any information desired, either about the Orphanage, or this special Industrial Fund, for which we are hoping to raise $3,000.

On Saying Grace.

There is evidence that the custom of saying grace is prevalent in almost every country, and that it has been universally observed from the very earliest times. Even the savage tribes and the heathens have always expressed in some way their gratitude to the Being who sustains them. By a sacrifice to the gods, or a dedication of meal, or flesh, or wine, they have acknowledged their dependence upon a greater power than themselves for food and life.

Ancient Christian literature clearly shows that the devout strictly observed the custom of blessings, thanksgiving, and prayers before and after meals, and from these early times to our own day many interesting graces have been in use. Good men have exercised their talents in composing forms of grace in prose and verse, for use in public service and in the home; and men who have no claim to goodness, men who know no recognized formula, often make some sign expressive of an inherited instinct.

'There!' exclaims the laborer, as he draws the back of his hand across his mouth, and rises from the table. This leaves much to the imagination, but perhaps it may be taken as a form of thanks.

Another expression of gratitude almost equally laconic, but more to the point, is the 'Thank God' of the busy working man.

In public, and in orthodox households, grace is always said, but with many people the custom is becoming obsolete. Probably the tradition is most carefully guarded by the Scotch and by the Hebrews. Scottish children are taught the graces from the Shorter Catechism, which are fairly long. They have also other forms, short, and to the point, as:

'Bless food
Make good.'

A quaint Scotch grace is:

'Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some there be that want it;
While we hae meat and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit.'

A popular child's grace is:

'Lord, bless the food
Which now I take,
And make me good
For Jesus' sake.'

With the Jews, grace before meals is seldom said, except at a public gathering, or by very orthodox Jews. The grace before meals is as follows:

'Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who bringeth forth bread from the earth.'

Then a piece of bread is eaten with salt before commencing the meal.

Grace after meals is said in all orthodox houses, and there are two forms—the short and the long. The so-called short grace seems to us exceedingly long, but it is the longer form which is said by the very orthodox.

The Jews have also blessings for various occasions. Before drinking wine, orthodox Jews say:

'Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who created the fruit of the vine.'

On hearing thunder:

'Blessed art Thou, O Lord our Kod, King of the Universe, whose strength and might fill the world.'

On seeing a kind and his court:

'Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who hast given of Thy glory to flesh and blood.'

These blessings are always said in Hebrew.

Charles Lamb, in his essay 'Grace before Meat,' says: 'I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day, besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out on a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting or a solved problem. Why have we none for books—those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton, a grace before Shakespeare, a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the "Fairy Queen?"'

And truly it would seem becoming to give thanks for refreshments of the spirit as well as those of the body.

There are many metrical graces, but the two which are best known and most used at tea-meetings in connection with the different churches date from the middle of the eighteenth century, the hymn before meat being:

'Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored,
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee;'

while the modern form of grace after meat is:

'We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesu's blood;
Let manna to our souls be given—
The Bread of Life sent down from Heaven.'
—'Good Words.'

No 'Blankits en Coals.'

'On one occasion,' says the Rev. F. B. Meyer, speaking of his Thursday evening services, which are crowded with working men, 'three or four genuine working men waited for me. "Look 'ere, guv'nor," said the spokesman, "is this 'ere to be a blankit en coals bizness?" "No," I answered, "for one reason because I haven't enough money to pay for the blankets and coals." "Thet's all right, guv'nor; then we'll come. On'y, if there wuz blankits and coals, we ain't a-comin', cuz our mates 'ul roast us so!' So that as there was no material benefit to be gained, they came. You will admit, will you not,' continued Mr. Meyer, 'that such men form a splendid ground for the churches to work upon?'

Thinkers.

The more one thinks for oneself the more one appreciates the companionship of other independent thinkers. Such companionship is possible through 'World Wide,' a weekly reprint of articles and cartoons from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres. Only $1.50 a year, the world over.

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The power of the weekly newspaper is acknowledged on all sides, and nowhere is this influence more felt than the smaller centres and country districts that are the strength of our land. The local weekly, while filling a place that no other paper can fill, can yet give only a small fraction of what the large metropolitain paper furnishes, so that in addition to this local weekly, an intelligent family needs something of wider scope and the Montreal 'Weekly Witness' and Canadian Homestead' exactly meets this need. 'An independent, fearless and forceful newspaper.' Latest news of the World, Market and Stock Reports, Financial Review, Good Stories, Home Department, Boys' Page, Questions and Answers, valuable departments devoted to farm, garden and allied interests. Something for every member of the family. Advertisements under editorial supervision. A clean, commercial, agricultural and home newspaper. One dollar a year.

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THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

(CHAPTER VII.—Continued.)

The toast of the evening, however, was 'Success to the York and Netherborough Railway.' Of course, wonderful things were said of it, and wonderful prophecies were ventured concerning it, and everybody agreed that Netherborough was now on the high road to prosperity. 'Richard Bardsley, Esquire,' was the name coupled with this toast. It is wonderful what a crop of esquires grow up suddenly, like mushrooms, on occasions of this sort. Richard, or, rather, Dick Bardsley—for that was his working-name—was none other than the elder brother in the firm of drysalters to which I have already referred. He and his brother Walter did not get on well. The elder regarded the younger as somewhat priggish, to use his own slangy mode of speech. Richard was, as we have said, over fond of a 'social glass,' and Walter's staunch cold water principles and practice were a tacit reproof that galled him a good deal. He felt that the opportunity had come to turn the tables on the teetotaler.

'I am glad, Mr. Chairman, that you have called for a bumper in honor of the toast to which I am proud to respond,' said he, at the close of his brief speech. 'The railway itself may well be regarded as a bumper, for I am persuaded that it will be a full cup, brimful of prosperity to our town; and even at the risk of a little confusion of metaphors, I will add that it will bump adversity, hard times, and bad trade clean out of Netherborough!'

It need hardly be said that this extravagant prophecy was greeted with uproarious cheers, especially when it is remembered that the 'red, red wine,' had by this time reddened the faces, quickened the pulses, heated the blood, and muddled the brains of the majority.

'It is surely a fitting thing, Mr. Chairman,' continued Richard Bardsley, 'that so exhilarating a sentiment should be drunk in champagne; that monarch among wines which has been called "crown of the vineyard," just as that generous liquor, port, has been called its "cardinal." I have noticed that one gentleman in this present company has thought water to be good enough for the drinking of toasts on this occasion; aye, even that of Her most Gracious Majesty the Queen!

'I don't agree with him! I am persuaded that none of us will agree with him; and, indeed, I, for one, protest against such a mockery of ancient rule and usage, and such a breach of good fellowship. We initiate to-day the best stroke of fortune that has ever come to Netherborough; the railway has the best chairman to be found in England; we have joined in the best dinner that was ever served at the "Netherborough Arms"; we are in the best of spirits as to the future of our town, and I say for one that the occasion is worthy of the best of liquor, and that is champagne!'

Young Walter Bardsley was a good deal disconcerted. It was, indeed, a very unpleasant predicament for him to be placed in. He was probably the youngest man in the room, except Cuthbert Hayes, who had stolen in after the banquet to hear the speeches. Walter knew that the eyes of the whole company were turned upon him, the one well-known abstainer there. He knew that he had turned suddenly white, and had then blushed like a school-boy. But he kept his fingers on the tumbler of water he had been sipping, and in a little while self-mastery stilled his nerves, and brought a smile to his face, which showed that he meant to stand by his colors, come what might!

In a little while an unexpected opportunity came to him of replying to the onslaught of his brother Dick. In the absence of the gentleman who had been appointed to 'speak to the toast'—'The Trade of the Town,' that office was charged upon 'Mr. Walter Bardsley!' This suggestion had been made to the chairman by Mr. Norwood Hayes, who was a dear lover of fair-play. He had resolved that the young man should have the opportunity of giving his elder brother a Rowland for his Oliver.

The young abstainer rose to his feet. He was a little nervous. This was the second time he had been taken by surprise, and he had a little difficulty in bracing himself for the task before him. He was a good speaker, quite exceptional in that respect in the Mechanics' Institute of Netherborough, and was said to be a good second even to his mentor and model, Mr. Norwood Hayes. He spoke of the various trades that were carried on in the town, and testified to the warmth and genuineness of his interest in the prosperity of his native place. He got fairly hold of his audience by his play upon the fact that he was a town lad, engaged in the trade of the town; then he put his heart into the work. He pictured in glowing terms what his dear native place might be as to its homes, its morality, its comfort, its prosperity, and then concluded as follows:

'That is what Netherborough might be, like Jerusalem of old, a joy and a delight. But will it be? What magic power can work the glorious change? Our renowned chairman has been called the great magician of his day, but does he wield the conjuror's wand that can lift the "curse of Netherborough," and brighten its streets and lanes and alleys with glad and happy life?' (Here the railway monarch shook his head.) 'He himself says, No. Will the new railway bring such Arcadian happiness to the town we love? It may do something for our material prosperity—will do, I do not doubt, but what will be the real gain of that, if the physical and social conditions of the people are not improved?

'No, I tell you,' continued the young orator, 'every material force you may bring to bear on Netherborough, will fail to put an end to its crime, its ignorance, its poverty, its squalor, and its shame, until you banish the bottle and put a ban upon the beer-barrel; until you expel the licensed drink-shops from the town they are bringing to ruin, and until it is found that this'—here he lifted up his tumblir filled to the brim with water—'is the best liquor in the world,—the true, sparkling gift of God; and in it, and in it only, I drink to a sober Netherborough and "the trade of the town!"'

Some of the guests cheered the speech uproariously; but then they were so far dulled and dazed with liquor that they did not perceive the drift of Walter's speech, and would have given uproarious cheers for anything, their own dispatch by the common hangman, say, or a proposal to make a bonfire of the 'Netherborough Arms.' Others received it in the sullen silence of dismay; and others, such as Dr. Medway, Reuben Stanford, and Richard Bardsley contented themselves with loud shouts of 'No, no!' 'Nonsense,' and short laughs in which they dubbed the speaker tacitly as a fanatic and a fool.

Lord Seaton put up his eye-glass, twirled the corner of his incipient moustache, and whispered to the Vicar on his right, 'a dangerous fellah, that—ah—one of those Chartists—ah, wears a white hat, I expect, and—and all that, don't you know.'

The Vicar smiled—it's so convenient, that, for who can tell what a smile may mean? It is a handy non-committal kind of response. In this way the good man avoided any condemnation of the heroic Walter, which his conscience forbade him to do; and avoided also any approval which his preference for the conventionalities and usages of social life would certainly have prompted him to give.

There was one fine young fellow present who gazed upon Walter Bardsley, as he took his seat, with undisguised admiration, and that was the son of Mr. Norwood Hayes. When Walter happened to turn his eyes in the direction of Cuthbert Hayes, he was greeted with a succession of nods, accompanied by a gleam of the eyes and a smile on the face which said as plain as could be, 'You are a hero, and you are right!'

Just at that moment Cuthbert heard his father's voice. He was speaking to Dr. Dunwell, the minister of Zion Chapel, who was retiring, as was also the Vicar, from the evening's proceedings. Probably that much was owing to Walter's honest and courageous witness for the truth. Mr. Dunwell had said something to Mr. Hayes in passing, to the effect that Walter had at any rate the courage of his opinion.

'Yes,' said Mr. Norwood Hayes, 'Walter is a splendid fellow,' and this is what Cuthbert overheard—'if he would only be a little less fanatical, drop his teetotal fad, and go in for teaching the virtues of a manly self-control, he would arrive at the same ends by far less extravagant and indeed impossible means.'

'Just so,' said Mr. Dunwell, and passed out into the night.

Cuthbert dropped his head and thought the matter over. He said to himself,

'Father condemns Walter's cold water principles. He ought to know. I think he knows everything.' As he spoke he looked at his father, and noticed that the wine in his glass had neither increased nor lessened during the last hour. There he sat as self-contained and as thoroughly master of himself as he was at his own breakfast table that morning—all because he was a 'man who was king of himself.'

Cuthbert, in the first warmth of his feelings had intended to go to Walter, shake him warmly by the hand and say, 'I will join you, Walter, and stand beside you under the cold water flag.' But now he scarcely thought he would. He dearly wanted to be as good and strong a man as his father, and he would have spurned the idea that anybody could be better. Like his sister Alice, he was proud of him. Father did not abstain, then why should he? He did not want his father, of all people, to think him one. Then again, Mr. Dunwell said, 'Just so,' to his father's views about it. 'No,' he said, rousing himself from his cogitations, 'I'll remain as I am, able to take care of myself.'

His father and his pastor led him to that decision.

Poor Cuthbert Hayes! On that subject I cannot just now trust my pen to write, or my mind to dictate. Wait awhile, I shall calm down a little by-and-by. His father and his pastor! The minister and the deacon! And both of them good men, earnest, honest, kindly, and true!

Walter Bardsley's speech had raised such a hubbub that Mr. Huddleston, the chairman, was glad to create a diversion by calling the next toast.

And so the night went on. Songs were called for, bacchanalian ditties having the preference; glasses were constantly refilled, the cigars were handed round, and, as an old author says, 'reason set to reeling in odd contortions.' Finally somebody suggested 'The Ladies,' though there were none there. Then 'Stanford' 'Stanford!' was noisily called on to respond. The 'handsome Vet.,' whose day's drinking was well nigh a month's abstinence, began in the company of the worthy Vicar and Norwood Hayes, could, by this time hardly stand upright on his feet. As he stood or tried to stand, by the aid afforded him by the table, Reuben Stanford who was always said to 'look every inch a man,' looked every inch a sot.

He murmured out a few incoherent sentences; and then the poor fool, self-made by

favor of his comrades, had a sudden inspiration—

'Gen'omen!' said he, 'I'm goin' to vencha 'pose a toast—"The belle of Neth'bro," Miss Jennie—'

Then up sprang Dick Bardsley, and rushing forward, he angrily pulled the demented speaker backward on the floor. In drunken rage, Stanford struck right and left, and Bardsley was ready enough to retaliate. Everybody rose, some to mingle in the fray, and others to leave the room, and still others to gather into a corner and dispose themselves to continue the 'evening's entertainment!' Mr. Huddleston, whose somewhat expansive features always had a certain flavor of rubicundity, carried his face, which, as the song says of the 'blood-red flag of England,' did 'most terrific burn,' from the scene, and he was followed by Lord Seaton, who was glad to hold by his Majesty's coat-tail as a sort of personal protection. In his case, immoderate indulgence only had the effect of rendering him more imbecile and harmless than was his wont; that, however, is a condition difficult to imagine or to understand. By two's and three's the guests of the evening reeled out into the streets, and more or less noisily sought their homes, which many of them failed to find, and so abode in the street all night.

So ended the dinner—that celebrated an epoch in the history of Netherborough. Ended, did it? Alas, not yet!

(To be Continued.)

The Story of Old.

I think, when I read that sweet story of old
  When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
  I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that his hands had been placed on my head;
  That his arm had been thrown around me,
That I might have seen his kind look when he said,
  'Let the little ones come unto me.'

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
  And ask for a share of his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
  I shall see him and hear him above.

To that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
  For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
  For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

'Tis a beautiful story the Bible has told,
  And happy the children who know
The way that leads up to that city of gold
  And the door Jesus opened below.

But what about children who never have known
  Of this way to the happy land?—
Who are bowing to idols of wood and of stone
  Which in heathen temples stand?

They tell me of homes so sad and so drear
  Far over the ocean-wave;
No welcome is found for a daughter there,
  Not a flower for a baby's grave.

Yet Jesus has left the same blessing for them
  Which rests on my own little head:
Isn't somebody going to tell them of him,
  And all my dear Saviour has said?

Yes, yes; we must tell that sweet story of old
  Till all the poor heathen shall know
Jesus calls little children like lambs to his fold,
  And shows them the way they must go.
—Adapted from the hymn by Jemima Luke.

Bargains for Subscribers.

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Excuses.

Have you ever noticed how hard some boys and girls find it to own up that they are in the wrong? They try to lay the blame on some one else when the fault is clearly their own. When John breaks a window by playing ball with Henry, he says: 'It wasn't my fault; Harry stood right in front of the window, and I had to throw the ball to him. I couldn't help its breaking the glass.' When Jenny neglects to dust the table, she says: 'How could I, when Ned had left all his playthings on it?' If John and Jenny stopped to think how silly such explanations sound they wouldn't try to excuse themselves.—The 'Morning Star.'

Margaret's Blue Eyes.

(Estner Converse, in the 'Child's Hour.')

'Come here, dear,' said Aunt Louise, 'and let me examine your eyes.' 'My eyes?' questioned Margaret. 'Why, my eyes are all right.'

'Are you sure you are not afflicted with myopia or astigmatism?'

'Why, auntie, what do you mean, and what are those dreadful things?' inquired Margaret as she came for examination.

'Yes,' said Aunt Louise as she looked into the startled blue eyes,—'yes, they seem all right—and the ears also—pretty, pink, and clean. I fear the trouble may be internal, for when mamma was here a few minutes ago I feared something serious might be the matter with both eyes and ears.'

'What do you mean?' questioned Margaret again. 'I heard every word mamma said.'

'Oh, then you also heard the bell before she asked you to go to the door, and you heard baby at the door before she asked you to open for him?'

'Why, yes, mamma always asks when she wants me to do things for her.'

'And did you see her spool of silk roll across the floor, and see baby tear her pattern before she asked your help?'

'Yes,' said Margaret impatiently, 'but I always do what mamma asks me to do, and how can I know what she wants?'

'Yes, dear,' said auntie, 'I am sure you do all she asks of you, but do you not see how much trouble you might save her if you anticipated her wants in these little things and thought for yourself?'

Margaret made no reply. It was not pleasant to be criticized by Aunt Louise. How could she know what people wanted unless they asked her, and she always did everything she was asked to do, and that was quite enough she thought.

A few weeks after, Margaret met with a serious accident in falling from a swing. A broken arm and other serious injuries confined her to her bed several weeks, and when at last she was allowed to lie on the couch in the sitting-room, surrounded by brothers, sisters, and pets, she thought her trials nearly over. But mamma, who had devoted her whole time to the suffering child, now found many duties awaiting her, and Margaret left alone, or with the children, missed sadly the mother's care. It seemed that she must ask for everything she wanted. The sun hurt her tired eyes, she must have the curtain lowered. The afghan slipped to the floor, her book fell from the tired left hand, she could not prepare the apple or orange lying just beyond her reach. She wanted to see the new game the boys had brought home, and, oh, if someone would only bring her a glass of water or lemonade without her asking for it!

'Mamma sees without being asked,' thought Margaret. 'She anticipates my wants.'

Unconsciously she had used her aunt's words and now she understood their meaning.

'It is like blindness,' she said. 'Auntie was quite right.'

Day by day poor, tired Margaret learned the lesson Aunt Louise had sought to impress.

'When I get well,' she often thought as she noticed the carelessness of brothers and sisters, 'when I get well I'll just see and hear for myself. How tired mamma must be of asking us to do things.'

When Aunt Louise again visited Mrs. Wilbur, Margaret's warm greeting gave her much pleasure. She asked many questions about the long illness and expressed pleasure in her full recovery, but thought her little niece greatly changed. She saw her cheerfully going off on her bicycle to do errands for mother.

She saw slippers and evening paper brought to Mr. Wilbur, the curtains drawn, little Bessie made ready for dinner by loving hands that needed no asking, and wondered.

At the table quick eyes saw the omission of a napkin and butter-knife, and when Mrs. Wilbur looked enquiringly around, Margaret promptly supplied the spoon she sought.

'How you see everything, child,' said Mrs. Wilbur gratefully. 'Margaret is my right hand,' she added turning to her sister. 'She anticipates my wants.'

Quick, loving glances were exchanged between the two to whom these words were familiar, and during a long visit Aunt Louise failed to discover defects in the bright eyes and delicate ears of her favorite niece.

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The Hour of Prayer.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest work to leave—
Pray; ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Warrior, from that battle won
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly-slain
Weeping on his burial-plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart, and bend the knee!

Felicia Hemans.

Pictures.

Many of the full-page pictures in the 'Canadian Pictorial' will be framed—and, indeed, they are well worth it.

PINE-NEEDLE PICTURES.

(By E. W. Frentz.)

The two families who are neighbors in town during the greater part of the year had been camping out all summer in a big pine grove, and the children had enjoyed every minute of it.

Each family had three big tents, and besides, there was a great outdoor oven built of stones, and with a canvas shelter over it, where the cooking was done, and where, in the evenings, you could sit round a big, blazing camp-fire that cast wonderful shadows out into the dark woods. They thought the rude tents in which they slept were much cozier than rooms at home.

Between four big trees were stretched another piece of canvas for a roof, and underneath it stood a table large enough for all of the two families. Here they ate their meals, with the fresh air blowing through the tree-tops above their heads and squirrels clattering in the lowest branches.

The top of this big table was covered with a great smooth white oilcloth; and one rainy day, when there was nothing else to do, Henry and his Cousin Ethel got some half-burned sticks of soft wood from the fireplace and began to draw pictures on the table-cover. They were having a fine time when Uncle Hubert appeared.

'O-ho!' he cried. 'That never will do! You must not make such a muss of the table-cloth! You get some soap and water and wash it all off, and then I'll show you how to make a new kind of pictures.'

By the time the children had the table-cloth cleaned, Uncle Hubert was back again with a basketful of the 'needles,' or leaves, of the pine-trees, which he had picked up from the ground. Each of these needles is like a slender line, but some are long and straight, and some are short and crooked, so that by picking out the kind you want, and laying them carefully on the table-cover, you can make any kind of a picture.

Ethel began with a house. It had a door and windows, and a chimney, with smoke coming out; and while she was doing that, Henry was busy making a sailboat, with all the sails set and the waves dancing. The waves were easy to make, for most of the pine-needles are curved just right.

But in the basket Uncle Hubert found a little pine twig with a whole bunch of needles growing on it. When he laid that down on the table-cover it looked just like a palm-tree, so he took some more needles, and in a little while had made a camel and a camel-driver resting under the tree.

This pleased Henry and Ethel so much that they teased their Uncle Hubert to make some more pictures.

This was good fun for all the children whenever it rained; and when they came back to town in the fall they brought a large bag of pine-needles, so they could play at the same game during the winter evenings. They have grown so skilful now that they sometimes offer prizes for the one who can make the best picture with the fewest needles, and without breaking any. If you can find short ones in the bunch it is all right, but the children say 'it is no fair' to break them, although they had to do this when they made locomotives.—'Youth's Companion.'

Lucky Ted.

(Blanche Trennor Heath, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

That was the nickname they called him by—
The boys at his school—and this was why:
He was bound to win from the start, they said:
It was always the way with Lucky Ted!

The earliest flowers in his garden grew;
The sums on his slate came soonest true;
He could sail a boat or throw a ball,
Or guess a riddle, the best of all.

You wondered what could his secret be,
But watch him awhile, and you would see.
He thought it out till the thing was plain,
And then went at it with might and main.

Trusting but little to chance or guess,
He learned the letters that spelled success.
A ready hand and a thoughtful head—
So much for the 'luck' of Lucky Ted!

The Boy With a Purpose.

(Mrs. Rye Johnson, in the New York 'Observer.')

That is what I wish every child could be born with—a purpose—an ambition to do and be, a longing that would give them no rest until the very best had been attained.

'But what chance is there for me?' many say. 'I have no chance for an education, so what can I do?'

Let me tell you what one boy did who had 'no chance for an education.' His name was Peter Steiner, and he never attended school a day after he came to this country with his parents when he was twelve years old.

His father, John Steiner, knew less of books than his son did, and cared less. So when he took up a section of government land for himself and his three sons, it mattered nothing to him that there were no schools within twenty miles. Neither did Peter care. He knew as much as the other children of his acquaintance did—why trouble himself about books when he could be frolicking?

So Peter grew up, from a heedless, dull-faced youngster, seemingly without an ambition or care. People said John's Peter would never 'set the river on fire' or have a dollar of his own earning. He'd rather pile up sticks and stones across a creek than herd cattle or hoe corn—and this was quite true. For, you see, plain, commonplace, ignorant Peter had a secret ambition, though in his stolid German way he kept it carefully to himself.

Near his old home across the ocean there had been building for several years a most wonderful dam, and every hour the boy could steal from school and home duties had been spent in watching the workmen. His only grief at leaving the old home was that he could not see the completion of the great structure, and the water turned into the monstrous sluices.

'But I will build a dam myself some day,' he had declared, and ever after kept the intention close hid in his heart. He also kept his eyes and ears open. The nearest grist mill was twenty miles from the new home, and the trips to get corn and wheat ground were so tedious, all were glad to leave them to the boy who so eagerly offered his services. Then, while Peter waited for his grist to be ground, he studied the construction of the rude dam, the log mill and crude grinding apparatus, until he knew more about them than the miller himself.

Once Peter said something to his father about a mill of their own nearer home, but the old man merely laughed and pointed out the fact that there was not a stream of water in Chincup township with a fall of a foot to a mile. The boy said no more, but waited, and stored his mind with everything he could hear of on the subject. When he was eighteen, after the corn planting was over, he asked his father for a holiday. It being granted, he shouldered an ax, a gun and a shovel, and went into a wilderness of hills to the west of Chincup, where there were as yet no settlers. There at the mouth of a deep, narrow gully into which filtered a small stream of water, he built a dam, following examples he had seen, and working out theories of his own.

When it was completed, he shouldered his tools and returned home, weary, brown and worried. It was long before he found opportunity to revisit the spot, and the worry never lifted, though none suspected the silent lad had a care. Were his theories correct? Was his dam a success? were questions that haunted him continually. When he at last reached the spot he found a pond covering many acres, and a rushing torrent pouring over his dam, from which not a timber had been loosened.

His friends would not have recognized the stolid German in the few minutes that followed this glorious discovery. He laughed, he shouted, he swung his hat, he danced and capered like a lunatic. Then satisfied, he returned home, and again waited, every year making a pilgrimage to the dam, which at the end of three years was still firmly resisting the action of the water. Then at twenty-one he married a girl of about his age—'a girl with a purpose,' that purpose to be a true 'haus-mutter.' Old John, who had acquired many acres of land as the years went by, was pleased with Peter's marriage, and gave him sixty acres of land with choice of location. Then it was that the people of Chincup were satisfied their estimate of the boy was correct.

Instead of choosing rich farming land whereby to make a good living, he selected a broad, marshy, hill-surrounded valley, through which the Waunecka river, a broad, deep sluggish stream, meandered lazily, making its way out at length through a deep gorge, but without a ripple or the least quickening of its pace. The strip included a fine lot of timber and a part of the gorge, and Peter's heart beat high with hope and satisfaction. With the help of his brothers he built a substantial log house on the ridge near where the river entered the gorge.

Thither he brought his young wife and founded his home. He built a log stable, bought a cow, some hens, and a yoke of oxen. Then, saying nothing to anyone but Greta of his purpose, for two years every day not needed to earn their bread was spent in cutting and hauling logs, and getting together a mountain of stone near the gorge of which I have before spoken. Then, having no money, he went to every man in Chincup township and asked him to give him a week's work toward building a dam and grist mill. The idea pleased everybody, and when Peter was ready to begin work he had no lack of help. For many days the echoes of the gorge held high carnival—the shouts of men, the rattle of harness and jingle of chains as the huge logs were swung into place; the ring of axes on timbers, the hammers on stones, made up a conglomeration of sound that was sweetest music in Peter's hungry ears.

At last after months of unceasing toil the dam was completed. First a foundation of massive piles, then a huge wall of bristling inward sloping logs, faced on the water side with a solid wall of masonry ten feet thick. This was put together with cement of Peter's own manufacture—made of marl and clay found on his own land, which hardened like iron.

The wasteway was also of cemented stone, and the completed dam was pronounced good by all who had had a hand in its construction. Few had suspected the enormous volume of water composing the sluggish river, until its further progress being stopped, they saw how rapidly it spread over the marshy valley, destined to be known always in future as "Peter's Pond.'

A weekly pilgrimage to the spot became the fashion, and 'Peter's Greta' drove a brisk business in luncheons, that helped the busy Peter, who grudged every hour spent away from his hobby. Some doubted whether the dam would hold, but he never had a fear. Every faculty of mind and muscle was now centred on the building of the mill, which was commenced in October, when the water began rushing through the wasteway, leaping with a hoarse roar twenty feet to the gorge below. When this happened there was not a man but willingly left his corn-husking to again aid Peter —Peter the lazy, Peter the witless idler, Peter who played at damming brooks when he should have been hoeing corn, but who was now the most honored man in the township. A man with a purpose, who willingly spent himself for its fulfilment!

The massive foundation for the mill was put in before freezing began, but the mill was not finished much before spring. Then the people formed a stock company for the purchase of machinery, each to share the profits until such time as Peter could buy them out. By the time everything was ready to turn the water on, Peter was worn to a shadow by incessant labor and worry. While putting the rude machinery into the mill he was continually asking himself—will it be a success or failure?

At last all was ready. On the morrow there was to be a great gathering of the people; the hoppers were to be filled with wheat and the water was to be turned on the great wheel, amid the blowing of horns, the ringing of bells and the cheers of the delighted crowd. There were no longer any doubters as to the success of the venture. Peter had not wished a gathering to witness the starting of the mill, but the people would have it, so great was their faith.

Now the foregoing narrative is authentic history, but the incident I am about to relate has only the word of Greta to substantiate it, and some circumstantial evidence, as you will see. Peter was so troubled at the last that he could neither eat nor sleep, and left his bed at midnight to go over the mill again. He was muttering and gesticulating so strangely that his wife was alarmed and followed him. It was very dark, but Peter's movements seemed as sure and certain as if in broad daylight. Greta kept close to him, but he never noticed her presence, although more than once he brushed against her. To her amazement he poured a bag of wheat into the hopper, then he darted away, and a minute later she heard the rush of water, then the groaning and creaking of machinery, and lo! the mill was in operation. Steadily and smoothly, with Peter darting here and there, always muttering to himself, but words she could not understand.

Then all at once the rush of water ceased, the machinery stopped; Peter left the building with his puzzled wife still unnoticed at his heels. As they entered the house she spoke. 'Are you satisfied?' He made no reply, but stretched himself on his bed, and then she saw that he was asleep; his eyes were wide open, but fixed and staring in a manner that made her shudder. His amazement on finding himself covered with flour on waking in the morning was complete, and on hearing Greta's story he rushed to the mill for confirmation. Of course, when the people gathered they had to be told, and honest Peter was much abashed by the chaffing he had to endure.

He was ever after spoken of as 'the man who could run a mill in his sleep.' The fact remained, however, that both mill and dam were a perfect success, and the dam is in existence and in use to-day. And all because a plain, half-educated, common man put heart and soul into the compelling of Success. Nearly every body who reads can, if he will, have an education and a chance. Will you make use of the opportunity?

One, Two, or Three—Which Would You be?

(Z. A., in 'Sunday Reading for the Young.')

'The ball has gone through the window!
Fly, boys, fly for your lives
If you're quick, you'll be round the corner
Before the master arrives.'

They ran—the mischievous urchins—
One got well out of sight;
Two paused, breathless and panting,
'Three!' he gasped, 'Is it right?

'Ought we to hide and scamper?
Oughn't we, praps, to confess?'
Said Three, the timid and tiny,
'If we tell, we shall get in a mess.'

'Courage,' said Two, 'I'll protect you;
Don't be afraid, I say.
He'll be angry, of course, the master,
And, between us, we'll have to pay.

'But telling is better than sneaking——'
'One got off safe,' groaned Three;
'We shall get all the rowing,
It's hard upon you and me.'

But when night came, dark and silent,
Things went hardest with One;
He lay awake, Conscience crying
'Better have told, and have done.'

While Two and Three they slept soundly,
Nothing on earth to dread;
Faults confessed, and forgiven,
Good angels around their bed.

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Feb. it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

RENEWAL BARGAINS

The time has arrived when subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' whose subscriptions terminate February 28th should send their remittance.

For new introductions the 'Northern Messenger' depends upon the kind efforts of its friends who have given their hearty co-operation in the past. We will look for your renewal in good time this year, and would greatly appreciate the addition of a list of new subscriptions at the same time.

As a subscriber to the 'Northern Messenger', you have the privilege of the following advantageous clubbing offers:—

Four subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger'	three of which must be new subscriptions.....	worth $1.60 for only	**$1.00**
Four " " " "	renewals.....	" 1.60 for only	**1.20**
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Nearly all British countries (Montreal city and surburbs always excepted) and the United States and all her dependencies are included in above offers without extra postage.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.'

On the 21st. Anniversary of Lord Shaftesbury's Death.

October 1st, 1906.

(L. Shorey, in 'In His Name.')

We stood in the grand old Abbey,
In the cloisters dim and grey,
By the tomb of our noble leader—
Though long since passed away.

And through the stained window,
Above the Abbey door,
Fell the flecks of blue and crimson
And gold upon the floor,

As if they fain would brighten
The Abbey's cloistered gloom;
And they touched the flowers we laid there,
Upon the good man's tomb.

The blue flecks told of heaven,
The crimson of the blood;
While the gold, the victor's triumph—
In the 'Well done' of his God.

Though heir to a roll of thousands,
To honor and rank and fame,
He sought but the good of others,
And the glory of Christ's great name.

We softly spoke of his labors,
Of his thought for the children's cares;
For the down-trodden and the helpless,
Of his earnest work and prayers.

The factory children knew him
In their lengthened childhood years;
And the little baby toilers
Smiled on him through their tears.

The little ones learned to love him,
They called him 'the Children's Earl';
For his ear was ever open
To the cry of a boy or girl.

And we would tread in his footsteps
That lie on the sands of time,
In our efforts to save the children
From misery, pain, and crime.

Perchance will an angel tell him
That we laid a wreath to-day
On his tomb, in loving memory
Of a good man passed away.

Mary Ellen's Adventure.

A True Story.

(Adelaide Bee Cooper, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

Mary Ellen and Helen Marie had watched the huge chimney going steadily up, day after day, with fascinated wonder—at least that would describe Mary Ellen's emotions. The chimney belonged to the Consolidated Threshing-machine Works; and, in one sense, Mary Ellen and Helen Marie 'belonged,' too; for did not Mary Ellen's father go to the engine-rooms of the Works before daylight every morning nearly the whole year round, and stay often till after dark, to provide what Mary Ellen's mother called their 'bread and butter'? Some of his earnings had gone to buy Helen Marie herself—Helen Marie of the open-and-shut eyes and lovely curls and dainty white garments and royal blue cloak that her beauty-loving little mother doted on.

Yes, the Works were a 'great thing,' as Mary Ellen often heard; and she felt a thrill of personal pride in the crowds that swarmed out from the yawning black doors twice a day. The mammoth new office building, too, she looked upon as in a sense her personal property. Had she not watched its growth from foundation-stone to slated roof, and did she not know its every nook and corner better than the owners themselves? There was a wonderful attic, with such cunning little recesses, each with a tiny leaded window,—enough for twenty little girls to play Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones, and each have her own house,—such unexpected 'places' for putting things,—such—but the clerks had moved in, and the carpenters and Mary Ellen, who was the friend and pet of them all, had moved out. It was rather lonely after that.

Then there were the threshing-machines themselves—but it is impossible to tell the pride and sense of ownership that filled Mary Ellen's heart as she saw these brave red-and-yellow wonders rolled on to the cars under her very eyes, snugly covered with canvas, and then—oh, joy! move up the shining track toward the West, slowly at first, then faster and faster, till they were lost to view. Mary Ellen loved to watch them as they started, and wonder about the great prairie country where many of them were going. Cousin Lily Delight lived there, in a house set in wide wheat-fields, where, in harvest time, as far as you could see, there was just wheat, wheat, wheat. It was the dream of Mary Ellen's lonely little heart to see Cousin Lily Delight, and play with her in the broad fields.

But the chimney, 'the tallest in the state,' as the local papers said, so of course it must have been true—the chimney was, after Helen Marie, the pride of Mary Ellen's heart. At first she feared for the safety of the men who carried brick and mortar up, up, that dizzy height; but as it grew steadily before her eyes, her heart stopped coming up and choking her as she watched the men at work.

At last it was finished, the iron ladder was fastened securely to its western side, and the great scaffolding was torn away. How high it was! How far one could see if only one were near the top! Mary Ellen's heart came into her throat again at the thought. She had heard of places where there were great mountains, up which one could climb and climb, and at last look off, and see the country spread out like a picture for miles and miles. Perhaps the men who had worked on the chimney could see as far as Cousin Delight's.

'Can you see a very, very, long ways when you're up on the chimney, Mr. Perkins'? she asked of a neighbor, who had climbed the ladder that morning.

'Hundreds of miles, I should say,' he answered, good-naturedly; though it is safe to say he had never availed himself of the 'view.' 'But you aren't thinking of climbing it yourself, are you?' and then, as he looked at the big-eyed mite beside him, he laughed at the idea. No; Mary Ellen had not thought of climbing the chimney—till that moment; but the idea took root in her fertile little brain, and grew into a plant of strong desire,—the desire to climb the great chimney herself, and see what might be seen 'for hundreds of miles.' And the fruit of the plant was determination.

She knew just the way—into the yawning black doors ('No Admittance' had no meaning for Mary Ellen), up the wide stairs, back through a long, narrow hall, up a second flight, and then through a lifted window out upon the wide, flat, gravelly roof. The first step of the iron ladder was rather higher from the roof than she had expected, but an old box lying near shortened the distance; and with Helen Marie grasped firmly under one arm, Mary Ellen drew herself carefully up.

How very long the steps were! It seemed as if she never could reach the next one,—but she did,—and the next, and the next. It was slow work; the ladder had not been made for seven-year-old girls. And how many rounds there were! As she looked up, they seemed to stretch away up to the very blue itself. 'I won't look to Cousin Delight's till I get clear—to—the—top,' she panted; 'it'll—be—all—the nicer—then.' And with this encouraging thought, she went bravely on.

At last the distance grew shorter; she could count the rungs to the place where the ladder bowed outward over the ornamental top of the chimney.

'I'll stop there, I guess,' she said to herself; 'I'm— too— tired—to— go—clear—to —the top,' and she reached out her aching little arm for the next rung, grasped it,—and some way her hold on Helen Marie loosened, and the dear dolly slipped swiftly away. It seemed to Mary Ellen that something inside her was falling, falling, faling, too; and oh! how far, how very, very far it was to where the blue cloak and white dress swam round and round on the pebbly roof! And how light and queer her head felt! In frantic fear she clung to the iron rail, with hands that felt like rags. She dared not put out one foot into the awful space that lay below her, to search for the next lower rung; all she could do was to look up, and cling to the cold iron. Sometimes she felt as if she had let go, and was falling down, down, down,—but still her weak little fingers clung to the iron ladder.

She did not see the anxious group in the street below, nor hear the sharp message in the business office that sent Mr. Perkins flying up the dark stairs, and out upon the roof. 'Look up! look up! and hang on!' he called, as he went up hand over hand; but it is safe to say the words had no meaning to the fainting child. She was hanging on, though. A moment more, and not an instant too soon, he had Mary Ellen safe in his arms, as limp and helpless as Helen Marie herself could have been, and was going slowly down.

When at last Mary Ellen opened her eyes, she was lying in mother's own white bed. She had a sense of having been through a vivid, unpleasant dream, of feeling very small and light, and of being safe—so she closed them again, in a sleep that lasted till teatime.

'It ain't natural,' declared a neighbor, who thought Mary Elen ought to be wakened, 'and she won't sleep a wink to-night.'

'I guess a good, sound, healthy sleep ain't going to hurt her,' said the wise mother, 'and if she wants to stay awake to-night, why, I'm willing.' And two thankful tears just missed the turnover she was taking from the oven.

It was a plump, spicy, juicy little turnover, and Mary Ellen sat close by her father, and made him take a mouthful. Afterwards, when he had her in his arms for the evening talk, she told him how she had hoped to see 'way, 'way off, for miles and miles, to Cousin Delight's, and about the great wheatfields—and —and

And then, contrary to the neighbor's prediction, she fell sound asleep again.

And that is the end of Mary Ellen's adventure.

No, not the really, truly end, either; for that very night the plans were made to go on a long-talked-of visit to a little western home surrounded on all sides by yellow wheat; and not long afterward Mary Ellen and Helen Marie and Cousin Lily Delight were playing happily together in the broad fields.

HONOR ROLL OF SUCCESSFUL 'PICTORIAL' BOYS'

Among other boys who have shown themselves specially prompt and business-like, and to whom we therefore give a place on our 'Honor Roll,' are the following:—

ANDREW HILLYARD, Nfld.
OLIVER S. WINTER, Nfld.
A. R. SELLEK.
ELMER V. LACKEY, Quebec.
ESLIE WILSON, British Columbia.
ARNOT J. COLES, Ont.
HERMAN WILSON, Manitoba.
LELAND ROSS, Sask.

All these, and hosts of others, have earned premiums, or have sold on generous cash commission, and are delighted with their business venture. More names shortly on the 'Honor Roll'—you can have yours there if you wish.

Each day new recruits are enlisting in the regiment of 'Pictorial' boy agents—and more and more districts are being occupied. Still there is room, and a hearty invitation is extended to all boy readers to fall in line. The sale of only twelve copies of the 'Pictorial' at ten cents, secures a fine jackknife as premium, eighteen a fountain pen, and twenty-four a watch. Liberal cash commission where preferred. Write to-day for a package of twelve to start on, and full instructions. All orders promptly filled. Address:

John Dougall & Son, Agents, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

N.B.—Do not forget the chain for selling six extra or for 25c in cash. See advertisement on another page.

The Little Tin Soldier.

(Hans Christian Anderson.)

(Concluded.)

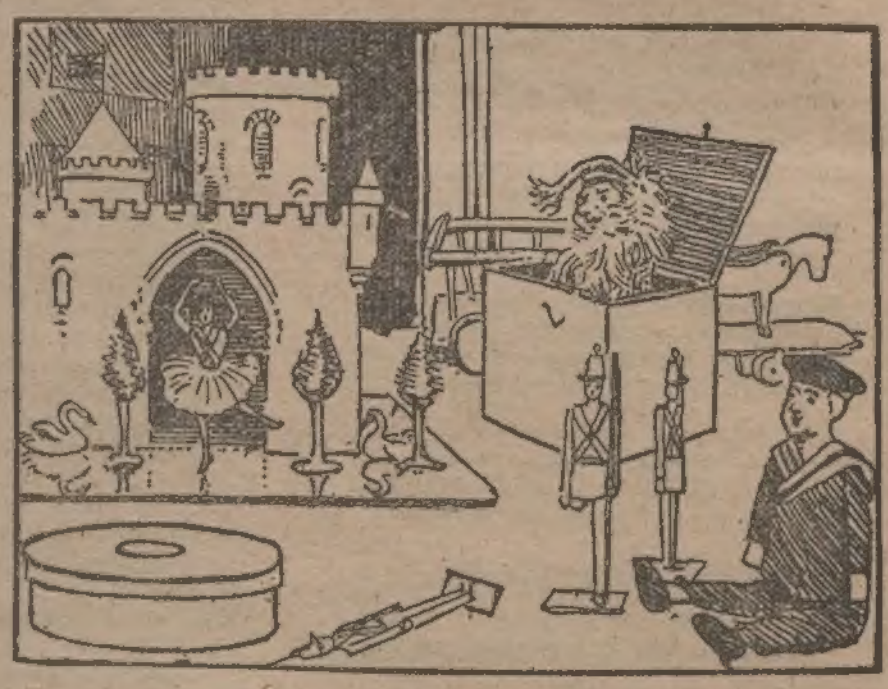
So they made a boat out of a newspaper and placed the tin soldier in it, and sent him sailing down the gutter, while the two boys ran by the side of it and clapped their hands. Good gracious, what large waves arose in that gutter! and how fast the stream rolled on! for the rain had been very heavy. The paper boat rocked up and down, and turned itself round sometimes so quickly that the tin soldier trembled; yet he remained firm; his countenance did not change; he looked straight before him, and shouldered his musket. Suddenly the boat shot under a bridge which formed part of a drain, and then it was as dark as the tin soldier's box.

'Where am I going, now?' thought he. 'This is the black goblin's fault, I am sure. Ah, well, if the little lady were only here with me in the boat, I should not care for any darkness.'

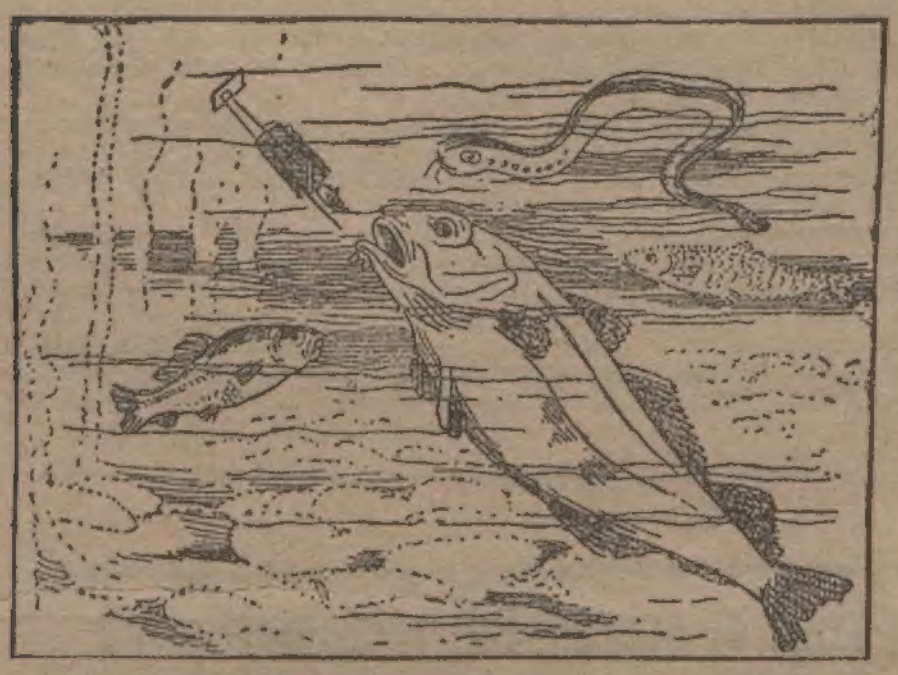
Suddenly there appeared a great water rat, who lived in the drain.

'Have you a passport?' asked the rat. But the tin soldier remained silent and held his musket tighter than ever. The boat sailed on and the rat followed it. How he did gnash his teeth and cry out to the bits of wood and straw, 'Stop him! He has not paid toll, and has not shown his pass.' But the stream rushed on stronger and stronger. The tin soldier could already see daylight shining where the arch ended. Then he heard a roaring sound terrible enough to frighten the bravest man. At the end of the tunnel the drain fell into a large canal over a steep place, which made it as dangerous for him as a waterfall would be to us. He was too close to it to stop, so the boat rushed on, and the poor tin soldier could only hold himself as stiffly as possible, without moving an eyelid, to show that he was not afraid. The boat whirled round three or four times, and then filled with water to the very edge; nothing could save it from sinking. He now stood up to his neck in water, while deeper and deeper sank the boat, and the paper became soft and loose with the wet, till at last the water closed over the soldier's head.

'HAVE YOU A PASSPORT.'



HE THOUGHT OF THE PRETTY DANCER.



SWALLOWED UP BY A GREAT FISH.

THERE WERE THE SAME PLAYTHINGS.

He thought of the pretty little dancer whom he should never see again, and the words of the song sounded in his ears—

> "Farewell, warrior! ever brave,
> Drifting onward to thy grave.'

Then the paper boat fell to pieces, and the soldier sank into the water and was swallowed up by a great

THE CLUB PRICE OF 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' AND 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' IS $1.00.

fish. Oh, how dark it was inside the fish! a great deal darker than in the tunnel, and narrower too, but the tin soldier continued firm, and lay at full length, shouldering his musket. The fish swam to and fro, making the most wonderful movements, but at last he became quite still. After a while a flash of lightning seemed to pass through him, and then the daylight appeared, and a voice cried out, 'I declare, here is the tin soldier!' The fish had been caught, taken to the market, and sold to the cook, who took him into the kitchen and cut him open with a knife. She picked up the soldier and carried him into the room. They were all anxious to see this wonderful soldier who had travelled about inside a fish; but he was not at all proud.

They placed him on the table, and—how many curious things do happen in the world!—there he was in the very same room from the window of which he had fallen; there were the same children, the same playthings standing on the table, and the pretty castle with the elegant little dancer at the door; she still balanced herself on one leg, and held up the other, so she was as firm as himself. It touched the tin soldier so much to see her that he almost wept tin tears, but he kept them back. He only looked at her, and they both remained silent. Presently one of the little boys took up the tin soldier and threw him into the stove. He had no reason for doing so, therefore it must have been the fault of the black goblin who lived in the snuff-box. The flames lighted up the tin soldier, as he stood; the heat was terrible, but whether it proceeded from the real fire or from the fire of love he could not tell. Then he could see that the bright colors were faded from his uniform, but whether they had been washed off during his journey, or from the effects of his sorrow, no one could say.

He looked at the little lady, and she looked at him. He felt himself melting away, but he still remained firm with his gun on his shoulder. Suddenly the door of the room flew open, and the draught of air caught up the little dancer; she fluttered like a sylph right into the stove by the side of the tin soldier, and was instantly in flames and was gone. The tin soldier melted down into a lump, and the next morning, when the maid-servant took the ashes out of the stove, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. But of the little dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, which was burnt black as a cinder.

ONLY A LITTLE TIN HEART.

—From 'Books for the Bairns' 'Review of Reviews' Office.

Alicia and Whisk Broom.

Dear, sweet little squirrel, please let me stroke you!' begged Alicia.

For answer the reddish-brown beauty jerked swiftly along the top of the wall, which was his Main Street.

'He might know that I wouldn't hurt him,' sighed the little maiden, 'but then, Cousin Harold is dreffly fond of shooting things with that horrid airgun of his, and I s'pose poor squirrelly won't trust people very easily.'

'Hello, Thimbleberry,' called father from the piazza. 'What are you up to now?'

Alicia told him.

'Never mind,' he said, taking the child into his arms. 'Perhaps the squirrel was running away from his own tail.'

'It is an awfully big tail,' agreed Alicia, sitting up straight, 'I should think that it would frighten him all the time.'

'Let's go a-hunting without a gun,' suggested father. 'Dearie, suppose you ask cook for half a dozen nuts.'

Father and Alicia softly and whisperingly laid four nuts on the wall top. Then they sat down under a tree near by and tried their best not to budge.

In a few moments the squirrel came bobbing and jumping and chirping along the wall, and Alicia nearly burst with delight when he tucked two nuts into his cheek pockets, and carried a third in his front paws! Soon he was back again, more quickly and confidently than before, partly because he noticed that father did not have a gun nor a stone in his hand. The next morning father had to go to the city, but Alicia sat for a long time under the tree near the wall. In each of her little hands was a rich walnut, and there were a dozen nuts in her apron pocket. After awhile the squirrel took his usual stroll down Main Street and, finding that the nuts were in the hands of a dainty and a quiet little maiden who wouldn't harm a potato bug, the nimble creature crept up to her lap and tucked away the first two nuts. Again and again he went from Alicia to his tree and back again—the little girl panting with excitement all the time. In this way began her long friendship with Whisk Broom, as father called him.—'The Child's Hour.'

Doll's Patterns for Dolly's Mamma

Just like the big folks have, but so simple. Directions clear and easy to follow.

Diagram to show how to lay pieces on the cloth so as to cut your goods to advantage; made to fit a doll from 12 to 15 inches high, but may be cut off or on to fit almost any size. Three to six garments in each set.

Any mother of little girls will welcome these patterns as a really useful gift. Children's pennies are better saved to buy one of these than spent in sweets.

The cut represents one of these Sets, and gives a good idea of the general make-up of the patterns.

SET I.—Child doll's outdoor suit, with cape and bonnet.
SET II.—Girl doll's outdoor suit, with jacket and muff.
SET IV.—Girl doll's indoor suit, with pinafore.
SET V.—Doll's party dress with cloak.
SET VII.—Infant doll's outdoor suit.
SET VIII.—Infant doll's indoor suit.
Set XI.—Girl doll's sailor suit.
SET XII.—Boy doll's sailor suit.

CHILD DOLL'S OUTDOOR SUIT.

Any one of these sets may be secured by giving carefully the number of the set desired, and adding five cents to any other order sent into this office. Separately, the price must be 10 cents, the same as larger patterns, unless four or more sets are ordered at once, in which case the price is five cents for each set.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

N.B.—Any two sets of these patterns will be sent free to one old subscriber sending in one NEW subscription to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents. If a set chosen is out of stock at the time, we will send the one most like it.

Correspondence

R., Man.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for about a year, and have received many a happy message from it.

I have seen some other drawings and letters from R., one of which was our school; it was drawn by a school mate of mine. There are only four going to our school (pretty small). We are learning to paint at school, and take a lesson every day. We all think painting time the best part of the day. My brother and I have a mile and a half to go to school; in winter we drive, but in summer we walk.

One day, when we were driving along Assiniboine River, we found a pigeon; its leg and wing were both broken; we took it home and cured it. In the spring (it was in the fall we caught it), it got a mate, and now we have nine. One froze to death, or we would have had ten.

Hazel LeGallais sent two riddles, which I think I can answer. 1. The letter R. 2. Maid of Orleans. Fred Tully also gives one, which I think is a wheelbarrow, and a man wheeling it. Anna Jean Robson sends one—When he is reading a 'Times.' And one from Snowflake. Ans. Tulips. The answer to Lizzie Price is an umbrella.

HILDA I. WALLACE (age 11).

R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister and two brothers who are older than myself, and they also enjoy reading the 'Messenger.' I am a girl eleven years old. I go to school every day, and am in the fourth class in all subjects but three. I am collecting picture post cards, but haven't got an album yet; my sister has been collecting, and she has three hundred.

I am going to send some riddles:

1. What workman is continually on strike?
2. Who is paid only when he plays?
3. What is the difference between a farmer and a dressmaker?

EUNICE I. HANNA.

M. R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy 10 years old, and go to the M. R. school. It is about one mile from our house. I was at Montreal at Thanksgiving. I was in the 'Witness' office, and it is a very large building. I received my watch all right, and think it is a very nice one. It keeps pretty good time. I sent a picture to the 'Northern Messenger' of our team of horses. They are each five or six years old. I have got two sisters, one 8 and the other 3. The younger one is very sick.

WILLIE ROYS.

A. C., P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—I live on a large farm. We have 17 head of cattle, and a lot of pigs and sheep, also three horses. I live near the shore, and go in swimming quite often in the summer time. It is only two and a half miles from here that the ice-boats cross in winter time to Cape Tormentine, and where they talk about having a tunnel. I have three brothers, but no sisters. I have one brother in college in Charlottetown.

Answer to A. Reader's puzzle is: Dickens, Howitt, Burns. Here are some puzzles:—

1. What is the latest thing in dresses?
2. Why is a turn-pike like a dead dog's tail?

ULRIC G. DAWSON.

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy eleven years old, and have never written to the 'Messenger' before. I live in C., and think it a very pretty place. My father is a farmer. For pets my brother and I have two dogs, and in the winter we harness them to the sled, which they will haul.

I think the answer to Alfreda Noddin's riddle is 'When he took a hack at the cherry tree.'

F. L. L.

[Your riddle has been already asked.—Ed.]

Alberta.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy living on a farm in Alberta. I did live in Lethbridge, but I like living on a farm better than living in a city. On a farm I can watch the birds build their nests in the trees on our place, near the house, and I like to see the different kinds of eggs which the birds about here lay, and then after a while we can see the little birds, and I often go round to some of the nests before the little ones begin to fly.

On my papa's farm we have horses and calves, chickens and cows, but we have no pigs yet. I have three brothers, and we have lots of fun with the calves. But one of our cows, called Dido, chases me when I have my red sweater on. My papa lets me have a pony to ride on when I go visiting, and when I am on the pony that cow Dido dare not chase me, as she is afraid of the pony.

We have hay and oats and potatoes, and next year papa intends to sow some wheat. It is nice to see the grain growing, and I like to ride on the mower in front of papa, and when I am bigger I expect to run a mower myself. I would like to ride the binder, but papa thinks I might get hurt, and so sometimes I have walked after it to see the nice grain cut down. Last summer I had a little garden of my own, and grew a lot of radishes, some beans, and carrots, and lettuce, and a bag of potatoes. Don't you think I did well, as I am only ten years old this fall? It is nice to see things begin to grow, and then mamma thought my radishes and lettuces tasted so nice.

We have not been able to go to school since we came here from Lethbridge, nearly four hundred miles in a waggon, and camped in a tent at night. It was lots of fun, and one time we met a prairie fire.

Papa says that our new school will be ready at Christmas, and I shall have to go to school. I hope we shall have a nice teacher. Hurrah for the country!

SIDNEY A. HATHERLEY.

[This letter was sent in for competition in the 'Witness,' but we thought the readers of the 'Messenger' would like to see it.—Ed.]

B., Pa.

Dear Editor,—I am a girl eleven years old. I live on a farm of 148 acres. I like living on a farm very much. My brother William and I have a pet lamb, and also a kitten. I have about a mile to go to school, and so I don't get there much in the winter, as I am sick a great deal of the time. My brother William is six years old, and he is learning to read very fast. My grandpa is blind, and he stays with us in the winter. I will ask some riddles:

1. What relation is that child to its father who is not its father's own son?
2. What two letters do boys delight in, to the annoyance of their elders?
3. What is that which is invisible, but never out of sight?

FRANCES M. SCOTT.

S., Alta.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen any letters from S., I thought I would write you one, 'just for fun.' I am a regular book-worm, so to speak, and have read so many books it would take me almost a week to name them all. My favorite authors are Rosa N. Cary and L. M. Alcott.

I will try to answer some of your riddles, also to ask some. The answer to Frank Hodd's riddle is: When it is satin (sat in).

The answer to Helen Fulton's is: When they are made into little pats.

I will now close with some:—

1. How can you divide fourteen apples equally among nine boys, if four of the apples are very small?
2. Why is a miss not as good as a mile?
3. What will turn without moving?

FRANCES B.

C. P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought I could not begin the New Year better than by writing my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am 10 years old. I go to Sunday School, and also day school. I enjoy them both very much. I also like reading the 'Messenger.' The answer to F. R. Burford's riddle is, the one you lick with a stick, the other you stick with a lick.

MARY BARKER.

[Your riddles have been asked before, Mary. —Ed.]

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Our Emblem.' G. R. Laidlaw, P., Ont.
2. 'A Bird' (species unknown). Mary M. Hemphill(age 13), C., Ont.
3. 'Fred.' Harmon J. McKillop, C., C.B.
4. 'His Pet Fawn.' Winford Gifford, A., Ont.
5. 'Our Milker.' Lockie Campbell (age 10), C. P., Ont.
6. 'Monkey and Squirrel.' Nellie E. Hodgins, S., Que.
7. 'House.' Clifford (age 7), G., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Elma Meldrum, M., Ont., sends in this riddle: When is a Scotchman not a Scotchman?

Blanche L. West, L., N.S., wonders who can read correctly the address contained in the following—

Wood
John
New Hampshire.

All your other riddles have been asked,

Morrill Duncan, L., Mass., got a gold watch and chain at Christmas, lucky fellow. We rather wonder whether it is still in running order. He answers several riddles, but only two correctly. The answer to Florence Currie's riddle is that Australia was the largest island in the world even before its discovery; to Caroline Davis's third question is that a river has branches but no leaves.

Edna Brown, I., Ont., answers two that have been answered by now, and sends in these: 1. Why do white sheep eat more than black sheep? 2. What goes up and down, but never touches sky nor ground.

Helena D. Keith, W., Ont., is a little girl, only six years old, but she writes a very nice little letter.

Muriel Lockhart, L., Man., asks what is the difference between a baby and a night-cap.

Bessie L. Johnston, H., Ont., asks for some addresses. We are sorry, Bessie, but we can not give the addresses of any correspondents, that is a definite rule which must be kept with all alike.

A letter comes from Appleby, Ont., without any signature. This is a riddle enclosed: How can you make chickens good fighters?

LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 10, 1907.

Abraham Called to be a Blessing.

Genesis xii., 1-8.

Golden Text.

I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing.—Gen. xii., 2.

Home Readings.

Monday, Feb. 4.—Gen. xi., 1-9; 27-32.
Tuesday, Feb. 5.—Gen. xii., 1-9.
Wednesday, Feb. 6.—Gen. xii., 11-20.
Thursday, Feb. 7.—Isa. xli., 1-20.
Friday, Feb. 8.—Mark x., 17-31.
Saturday, Feb. 9.—Gal. iii., 1-14.
Sunday, Feb. 10.—Gal. iii., 15-29.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Four centuries and a quarter have passed since the Flood. Noah himself had been dead only seventy-five years. Yet the new race seemed as deeply sunken in sin as the old. The goodness and severity of God in the Deluge appeared to have been in vain. In the midnight gloom of a general degeneracy some few tapers, like that of Melchisedec's on Zion, were yet alight; but even these were in danger of extinction by the violence of the wicked.

The race was in revolt against God. It had built its defiant tower, whose lofty stories were to be a refuge in case of a second flood. It seemed to have learned nothing by the sudden judgment which confounded its language and scattered it abroad. The first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans gives a faithful portraiture of the moral condition of the race at this period. Though they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, were thankless, and changed His glory into an image. 'With their theoretical errors the stream of their practical transgressions rose to a fearful height.' The remains of these eldest cities of the Euphrates Valley, now being dug up, show the people given to those gross immoralities usually attendant upon heathenism. The peril was extreme that the knowledge of God would be entirely lost, and that, too, not by accident but by design. They did not like (wish or care) to retain God in their knowledge, so the foolish heart of the race was darkened.

At this crisis an ever-watchful Providence stepped in, meeting the emergency in a manner to excite the admiration of men and angels. He let the stream of human life flow on in its perverse course, not arresting it by any further general judgments. But from the great torrent foaming out its shame and casting up its mire and dirt, He took aside a little stream comparatively pure and had it run in a channel He had prepared for it, much as water is taken aside in the race to turn the mill. Here was no capricious favoritism. The design was to bless all humanity by blessing one of its families.

The proverb, 'What God does, is well done,' has no finer exemplification than in the selection of the progenitor of the new race. His very name is significant,—Abram 'exalted father.' Physically, intellectually, spiritually, he was God's man for the hour. His phenomenal virility has survived in his descendents for forty centuries. So has his intellectuality. He was ready for the glorious appearance that approached him. Then, as ever, the prepared message came to the prepared mind.

Abram was the first of pilgrim fathers, the first emigrant impelled by religious motives. He undertook his journey for conscience sake. He left a lovely land—marvellously rich—the home of the wheat-grain, pomegranate, apple, and grape. He left the highest civilization of his day and libraries with their title-page volumes. He left country, kindred, father's house, to become henceforth a pilgrim and a stranger.

Well may his name be engraven high upon that tall obelisk, the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, among the immortal heroes of faith—for it was with faith that he heard the Divine call, and by faith he obeyed, going out, not knowing whither he went.

It pleased God to encourage and sustain his faith with exceeding great and gracious promises. God undertook to be his guide, promising to show him the land, to make of him a great nation, bless him, and make him a blessing; to make His cause his own, so that his friends should be God's friends, his enemies God's enemies. He should be the first link in that long chain of generations of which, in the fulness of time, the Messiah would be born.

Three verses suffice to describe the call; the fourth narrates the obedience. So Abram departed. A blessed adventurer, he voyaged across the sea of sand upon his ship of the desert. As Columbus landing upon the shore of the new world unfurled the standard of Spain, and took possession of it in the name of his kingly patron, so Abram, reaching at length the land of promise, built an altar and dedicated the land and its inhabitants to Jehovah.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. Human degeneracy demands Divine intervention.
2. The Divine method.
   A little stream of human life.
   Directed in a special racial channel.
   No favoritism.
   The blessed one to bless all.
3. Abraham's fitness to be progenitor.
4. The first pilgrim father.
   A hero of faith.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The genesis of anything always has a peculiar fascination. We never tire of origins. This lesson brings us to the fountain-head of the most important racial stream that has ever coursed its way through history; a stream to whose bosom the oracles of God were committed for twenty centuries; a stream that bore to earth the infant Messiah, as His type once floated on the Nile. A bird's-eye view of the winding of this stream, and the possible important function it may perform in the future of the kingdom of God, will prove an attractive introduction to the lesson.

* * * *

Effort should be made to portray Abraham's exalted character and his fitness for the purpose for which God employed him. Crowd his career into a nutshell. Display its salient traits—faith, resolution, courage, military tact, magnanimity, etc.; admit its blemishes, but show them mere spots on the sun. Abraham would be a good man for our age; he was superlatively good for the age in which he lived. The Bible deals faithfully with the characters it portrays. It presents its characters, not ideally, but as they actually were.

* * * *

Legends concerning Abraham may be used with good effect—especially the one from the Koran which describes him as secretly nourished in a cave until he grew up. Coming to the mouth of the cave for the first time, he sees a star and cries, 'This is my god.' But the star fades before the moon, and he acknowledges the latter as his god. But when the sun rose he turned in adoration to it, until it in turn sank—then the patriarch cried: 'Neither star, nor moon, nor sun shall be my god, but He who made the heavens and the earth!' By whatever process, Abraham had shaken off the polytheism and idolatry of his fathers, and was monotheistic and Messiah-aspiring.

* * * *

Through this fascinating narrative, as through a tissue curtain, one sees the Christian life spiritually portrayed. The Christian is a called one. He has heard and heeded. He breaks away from an old environment. He makes a transition. The word Hebrew first applied to Abram (Genesis xiv., 13) is supposed to mean 'one who has crossed over,' and to refer to the passage of the Euphrates. The Christian starts for a better land, assuring his heart with the faithfulness of the Promiser. He sings:

'I'm but a stranger here—
Heaven's my home.'

He shows by his manner of life that he regards himself as a pilgrim. He might go back to his old life if he wanted to—as Abraham might have gone back to Mesopotamia, but he did not. He rears his altars as he journeys on. As Matthew Henry says: 'Wherever Abraham had a tent, there God had an altar.' He is God's witness as he goes, observed of all observers, his light and salt the savor of all about him. He has but one other river to cross, and that is Jordan—and then he enters the sweet fields of Canaan.

* * * *

It paid Abraham well, and that for two worlds, to obey God. Present-day obedience to God has promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

* * * *

A lasting and good fame is the gift of God. 'I will make thy name great.'

* * * *

Terah is the type of those who fall out by the way in the march to the land of promise. Robert Colyer says: 'Terah started for the highlands of Canaan, but he settled on a flat.'

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Feb. 10.—Topic—Lessons from the Patriarchs. I. Noah. Heb. xi., 7; II. Pet. ii., 4-9; I. Pet. iii., 17-22.

Junior C. E. Topic.

LESSONS FROM TRIALS.
GODLINESS.

Monday, Feb. 4.— Job's prosperity. Job. i., 1-5.

Tuesday, Feb. 5.—Job's afflictions. Job. i., 13-2; 13.

Wednesday, Feb. 6.—Job's sufferings. Job. vii., 1-11.

Thursday, Feb. 7.—Job's complaint. Job. vi., 1-9.

Friday, Feb. 8.—Job's confidence. Job. xiii., 15.

Saturday, Feb. 9.—Job's repentence. Job. xlii., 1-6.

Sunday, Feb. 10.—Topic—The story of Job. xxiii., 1, 2, 3, 10.

What the Pastor Ought to Know About the Sunday School.

On every point in the Sunday school the pastor ought to be a master. So far as the school is a piece of machinery he ought to know every wheel, pulley and band. So far as the school is a business body, he ought to know its outer and inner life, its organization, its methods and its financial management. So far as the school is an institution he ought to know its history, its strength, its purposes and equipment. So far as it is an association he ought to know its members, its spirit, its resources, and its dangers. So far as it is a school he ought to know its teaching force, its ever recurring wants and its sources of supply. In a word the pastor ought to know more about the school than any one else or all others put together.—Dr. Wm. E. Hatcher, in the 'Pastor and Sunday school.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

What! Rob a Poor Man of His Beer?

What! rob a poor man of his beer
  And give him good victuals instead?
Your heart's very hard, sir, I fear,
  Or, at least, you are soft in the head.

What! rob a poor man of his mug
  And give him good victuals alone?
With kitchen and parlor so snug?
  'Tis enough to draw tears from a stone!

What! rob a poor man of his glass,
  And teach him to read and to write?
What! save him from being an ass?
  'Tis nothing but malice and spite!

What! rob a poor man of his ale
  And prevent him from beating his wife,
From being locked up in a jail?
  With penal employment for life?

What! rob a poor man of his beer
  And keep him from starving his child?
It makes one feel dreadfully queer;
  And I'll thank you to draw it more mild.
—'National Advocate.'

The Strugle With Appetite.

(John G. Woolley, in the 'National Advocate.')

I shall never drink again, but one night in a New England train, and very ill, I met a stranger who pitied me and gave me a quick, powerful drug out of a small vial and my pain was gone in a minute or two, but alcohol was licking up my very blood with tongues of flame.

I should have gotten drunk that night, if I could. I thought of everything—of my two years of clean life; of the meeting I was going to, vouched for by my friend and brother, D. L. Moody, of the bright little home in New York; of Mary and the boys; I tried to pray, and my lips framed oaths. I reached up for God, and he was gone, and the fiercest fiend of hell had me by the throat, and shouted, 'Drink, Drink, Drink!' I said, 'But Mary—but the boys'; it said, 'To hell with Mary—come on, to the saloon!'

It was not yet daylight, Sunday morning, when I stood on the platform at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, alone. I flew from saloon to saloon, they were shut up, so were the drug stores and all that day, locked in my room at the hotel, I fought my fight and won it in the evening by the grace of God; but the people of Pawtucket never knew that the man who spoke to them that night had been in hell all day.

What would you take in cash to have that put into your life?

That is to be my portion until my dying day, but if merciful, patient time shall cauterize and heal the old, dishonorable wounds, and cover them with repulsive but impervious cicatrices, yet because I had those wounds, I am to be through my whole life considered a moral cliff-dweller, a creature of precipices, where one false step ends all; and so, denied full confidence of my fellow men—the highest grace of life to strive for, in this world; and I am told I have a Christian enemy or two who wait on tiptoe of expectancy and cheerfully prophesy the sure, near coming of my final plunge back into the Dea Sea of drink.

Several years ago, at another time, after a long lecture tour in the west, I telegraphed to my wife in Boston: 'I will arrive home tonight at eleven.' The train was late, and long after midnight I came under her window. The light was burning, and I knew that she was waiting for me. I let myself in; there were two flights of stairs, but twenty would have been nothing to me, my heart was hauling away, like a great balloon.

She stood in the middle of our room as pale and cold and motionless as a woman of snow, and I knew at a glance that the sweet, brave life was in torture. 'What is it?' I cried, 'what is the matter?' and in my arms she sobbed out the everlasting tragedy of her wedded life: 'Nothing—at any rate, nothing ought to be the matter. I do believe in you; I knew you would come home; but I have listened for you so many years, that I seem to be just one great ear when you are beyond your time; I seem to have lost all sense but that of hearing when you are absent unexplained, and every sound on the street startles me, and every step on the stairs is a threat and a pain, and the stillness chokes me, and the darkness smothers me. And all the old, unhappy home-comings troop through my mind, without omitting one detail, and to-night I heard the children sighing in their sleep, and I thought I should die when I thought of you having to walk in your weariness, and in this midnight through Kneeland street alone.'

She thinks that I will never fall; and would deny to-day that she knows any fear, but yet, until the undertaker screws her sweet face out of my sight forever, that ghastly, unformed, nameless thing will walk the chambers of her heart whenever I am unaccounted for.

By the mercy of God, that has given to you the unshaken and unshakable confidence of her you love, I beseech you make a fight for the women who wait to-night until the saloon spews out their husbands and their sons and sends them maudlin, brutish, devilish, vomiting, stinking, to their arms.

And you, happy wives, whose hearts have never wavered nor had occasion to waver, and who, when your husbands fail to come on time, can go to bed without a fear and go to sleep with smiles upon your lips, and sleep the long night through too peacefully even to dream, by the mercy of God, that gives you that, I beseech you, band yourselves to help, at least to cheer, the wives, who, their whole lives through, must walk the rotten lava-crust of burnt-out confidence—their very love a terror and a pain.

And you good, calm, untempted men who never fell, never tasted death for any man and never mean to, I beseech you cast a vote the next time for the sake of the drunkard, and try to make the stations on life's highway safe for storm-tossed men to stop at any day or any night.

Porterhouse Steak or Liver.

Two colored barbers were together in a shop. One was a young man; the other was old. The young man took off his apron and started out of the door. 'Yo's gwine to get a drink, Jim?' asked the elder. 'Dat's what I's gwine to do.' 'Go and git yo' drink. I yoost ter do de same ting when I was young. When I wuz first married dah wuz a gin mill next to de shop wha' I wucked, and I spent in it fifty and sebenty cents a day outen do dollah an' a half I earned. Wal, one mawin I went into de butchah shop, and who shood cum in but de man wat kep' de likker shop. "Gib me a ten-pound po'terhouse steak," he said. He got it and went out. I sneaked up to de butchah and looked to see what money I had left. "What do you wan?" said de butchah. "Gib me ten cents' wuff of libber," wuz my remark. It was all I could pay fur. Now you go and git yo' drink. You'll eat libber, but de man what sells yo' de stuff will hab his po'terhouse steak. De man behin' de bar eats po'terhouse steak—de man in front eats libber. I ain't touched de stuff fo' thirty years, and now I am eatin p'o'terhouse steak myself.'—'National Advocate.'

Treating.

'Only for the fear that I might be put down as insane by people who did not appreciate the situation,' said a man recently at a boys' club meeting, 'I would make places for my boys in the business which I have established conditional on their solemn promise not to "treat" and not to allow themselves to be "treated."

If this man, who seems to have a horror for the treating system, is an American, he has probably seen the practice, which may have had its origin in good fellowship and hospitality, degenerate and result in bluster, intemperance and extravagance. If he is a European he may have been educated in a place where men never think of paying for what other men eat or drink, and would resent as an insult the efforts of any man to pay for them.

Foreign or American, the man is far from being insane, and the fact that anti-treating societies have been in existence in many parts of this country and that an anti-treating campaign is now going on in New England shows that some people do 'appreciate the situation.' The grewsome statistics recently published which show the number of homicides committed in the United States in the last year, while giving 'drink' as the cause of many murders, say nothing as to how much the treating system is responsible. That the treating system is the chief factor is beyond doubt, and drunkenness, and crimes which follow in its wake will always be the results of the unreasonable system which causes some men to drink to excess and to spend money beyond their ability in order to 'get even' with other men.

Years before the organization of the boys' club to which the anti-treating discourse was delivered a popular clergyman who had devoted much time to the cause of temperance said, in drawing comparisons between the men who drink what they wish and pay for it and those who are forced to drink because of the treating practice: 'For one class the dangers of drink become less, and for the other they are incalculably greater.'

The 'sociable' and 'get even' system still flourishes, and it will continue so to do until anti-treating societies are looked upon seriously and men who advocate their formation cease to fear ridicule.

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HOUSEHOLD.

The Roller Towels.

When Mrs. Colonel Stephenson purchased the old Cushman property, on Lincoln St., the people of Preston prophesied that she'd be like the former owner, close-fisted and exclusive.

'Nobody ever knew Mrs. Cushman to do a single benevolent deed,' declared Sarah Tolman, to her old-time neighbor from across the street. 'And if the new owner is as snug and cold-hearted as she was, it's a detriment to the town—her coming here! I suppose I ought not to say it, but I don't believe Martha Poole Cushman had a single sincere mourner when she died—no I don't. I wouldn't want to live that way; I want people, a few, at least, to be sorry when I'm gone.'

But Mrs. Stephenson hadn't lived long in Preston before the inhabitants of the thrifty New England village had proof that she was neither 'close-fisted,' nor possessed of the other disagreeable characteristics for which the villagers had so severely criticised her predecessor in the stately colonial mansion.

Before the coming of Mrs. Stephenson among them there had been no woman's club in the town; in less than three months after she got settled both a Sanitary Club and the Daily Half-Hour Improvement Circle were organized.

The old Whitcomb place was rented for the season—Mrs. Stephenson had asked aid of no one in this philanthropic undertaking—and all summer long the cool, old-fashioned rooms were filled with working-girls from the shops of Redfield, the city in which Mrs. Stephenson had formerly lived. Here the girls were given each a two weeks' outing, free from a single item of expense.

Then, too, during her first year's residence in Preston, Mrs. Stephenson had bought the ugly, ill-kept vacant lots on Essex St., and after transforming them into an attractive rectangular park, small of course, made a gift of the same to the town.

Her benevolence in every way took a practical turn, and every one in the village, directly or indirectly, felt the influence of this woman's presence among them.

'Even old Squire Trueblood, who had never before 'approved of giving,' was induced by her example to head with his name a subscription list, with $10, to purchase a school-house bell. And later he surreptitiously gave $15 to the chairman of the board of education for the adornment of the school grounds.

The latest project of Mrs. Stephenson was the formation of a Girls' Household League, to which she admitted all the girls of the village, between the ages of twelve and sixteen years.

'My object,' she explained to them, the afternoon of their first meeting, in her attractively furnished sitting-room, 'is to get our girls interested in doing well the common things that are really the most important in making comfortable and pleasant homes.'

After their fourth meeting each girl received an invitation in the clear, strong handwriting of Mrs. Stephenson, to bring some article of needle-work the following Friday afternoon, and there spend the time till the supper hour working on it.

'As a reward for the best work done,' read the invitations, 'I will give a dress pattern with all the necessary materials for making it up.'

'It's just beau-tiful!' confided Mabel Stackpole to Ethel Coleman. 'Aunt Lou was over calling last week and Mrs. Stephenson showed it to her. It is the loveliest cream-colored silk, and 'twas brought from China by Mrs. Stephenson's uncle, who for years was attached to the English Legation there. It's the sweetest thing, so Aunt Lou says. And then its coming from China—that's worth something!'

'Are you going to try for it?' asked Ethel.

'Indeed I am; aren't you?'

'I think so. Mother says I'd better do a little Mexican drawn-work doily. Cousin Alma taught me the pattern, and I can do it, so mother and sister say, almost as well as Cousin Alma can. And you know she does everything of that kind beautifully.'

'I shall hemstitch a handkerchief,' and Mabel spread out the one she had with her on her lap. 'I did this, but I can do them ever so much better now. This was really one of the first I attempted.'

Most of the girls of the league were very free to tell what they were going to take to Mrs. Stephenson's 'prize party,' as they called the gathering for Friday afternoon.

There were to be handkerchiefs to be hemmed, doilies to be done, aprons to be made and ruffled, collars and stocks to be embroidered, sofa-pillow covers to be 'worked,' and Helen Baker announced that she was going to make a college banner.

'I have made so many,' she declared, 'that I believe I could sew on the letters in the dark.'

'I don't believe I'll go,' and Marian Holbrook looked out of the open window upon her mother's bed of bright geraniums. 'Every other girl can make something worth doing, while there's nothing that I can make save patch-work and sheets and towels.'

'But you do them well, dear,' replied Mrs. Holbrook, taking her hands from the 'batch' of bread she was kneading. 'And you know Mrs. Stephenson didn't specify what to bring. Such things as you have mentioned are among necessities in comfortable house-keeping.'

'Yes; but all the other girls can do something nice! Ethel Coleman can make Mexican drawn-work splendidly; you ought to see some of it. And there is no one in Preston that can embroider so well as Beth Farrington. I just can't go, mother—there!'

'I hope, dear, that my daughter isn't afraid of doing the ordinary,' and Mrs. Holbrook deftly filled the tins with the light, spongy dough. 'And I am sure it isn't true that she's ashamed of taking to Mrs. Stephenson's that which she can do well.'

'But, mother, what will the girls say when they see——'

'How nicely she has done her work?' interrupted Mrs. Holbrook, playfully.

'No; when they see me working on—just roller towels—for that's all I really could take to do. There are three of them that need making.'

'They'll say nothing, dear. If the girls are ladies, as I judge they are, they will make no remarks, no more than a daughter of my acquaintance would,' smiling in a sweet, motherly way.

'Then if—if you think——'

'Of course I think my little girl should accept Mrs. Stephenson's invitation—and do her best—as I know she will!'

On Friday afternoon Marian Holbrook was one of the first to arrive with her 'work' at Mrs. Stephenson's home.

Before two o'clock all members of the league were comfortably seated in their hostess' large, airy sitting-room. And it was an interesting picture, each girl in her plain, neat dress, gaily bending over some piece of needle-work, and each one intent on doing her very best.

Dora Wardwell chanced to sit near Marian, and she quietly noticed the work she was doing.

'I am hemming napkins,' and Dora stopped a moment to thread her needle. 'I never had much inclination to learn fancy work. What we're doing is pretty near alike.'

'This is all I can do—well,' and Marian took out a stitch that was not quite 'even.' 'I don't mean that I can't do anything but make towels—but that I do just plain sewing. Mother has always insisted that I be particular, though—even in hemming sheets and that kind of work.'

Mrs. Stephenson had prepared dainty refreshments for her guests, and fifteen minutes before they were to be served she began collecting the articles that the girls had done in the time allotted them.

'I want to introduce you to Mrs. Lucie Muller and Miss Louise Armstrong, two of my friends from Redfield,' she announced, bringing the ladies into the room where the girls were sitting.' I induced them to visit me at this time, although both just now are extremely busy, that they might aid me in judging your work.'

After the refreshments had been served, and just before the girls arose to go, Mrs. Stephenson brought out the dress pattern which she had offered as a reward to the one whose work should prove the most satisfactory.

'Such a lovely design!'

'Oh!'

'What a delicate tint!'

Mrs. Stephenson and her friends couldn't refrain from smiling at the girls' enthusiastic delight.

'At the next meeting of the league—that is Tuesday—I will announce the award,' and Mrs. Stephenson gave each of the girls as they left a daintily embroidered needle-book.

'Isn't she a—dear!' exclaimed Laura Hunt, going slowly down the broad stone steps.

'Indeed she is!' replied Ethel Coleman, emphatically.

'Well, dear?' Mrs. Holbrook was waiting supper when Marian got home.

'I did my best, mother mine; and I'm glad I went. The girls were splendid and Mrs. Stephenson—she's almost as lovely as some other little woman I know; though not quite—nobody could equal her!' and the kiss Marian gave her mother left no doubt in Mrs. Holbrook's mind as to whom the 'her' referred.

The following Tuesday, after the paper and the usual discussion, followed by the helpful suggestions of their hostess, Mrs. Stephenson went into an adjoining room and returned with the dress pattern tastefully done up in white wrapping paper.

'After a most careful examination of your work, girls, my friends and I decided the dress belonged to one whose work many would regard as of little importance. But while the articles in themselves were commonplace, the work on them was extraordinarily well done. There wasn't an uneven stitch, not a knot visible, and what was especially noticeable and commendable as well, was the fact that the underside of the work showed as much painstaking care as did that on the right side.

'The object of your league is to prepare my girls—I think I may call you mine—to do well the little commonplace things that count so much toward the attractiveness of the home.

'All things considered, Marian Holbrook, in the opinion of myself and the ladies who have assisted me in the task of examining your work, has won this recognition,' and Mrs. Stephenson handed Marian the coveted package.

'All my girls did well, and I have reason to be proud of every one!'

'I fear it isn't I who deserve the credit of winning the dress,' and Marian put her arms lovingly around her mother's neck. 'But it is she who taught me to be painstaking, and to have a high regard for the little things that Mrs. Stephenson emphasizes so strongly, as having so much to do with making a well-ordered home.'—The 'Advance.'

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A Lonesome Boy.

The boy sat cuddled so close to the woman in gray that everybody felt sure he belonged to her; so when he unconsciously dug his muddy shoes into the broadcloth skirt of his left-hand neighbor, she leaned over and said: 'Pardon me, madam, will you kindly make your little boy square himself round? He is soiling my skirt with his muddy feet.'

The New York 'Times' tells the story. The woman in gray blushed a little, and nudged the boy away. 'My boy,' she said. ' My goodness, he isn't mine!' The boy squirmed uneasily. He was such a little fellow that he could not touch his feet to the floor, so he stuck them out straight in front of him like pegs to hang things on, and looked at them deprecatingly.

'I am sorry I got your dress dirty,' he said to the woman on his left. 'I hope it will brush off.' The timidity in his voice made a short cut to the woman's heart, and she smiled upon him kindly. 'Oh, it doesn't matter,' she said. Then, as his eyes were still fastened upon hers, she added, 'Are you going uptown alone?' 'Yes, ma'am,' he said. 'I always go alone. There isn't anybody to go with me. Father is dead and mother is dead. I live with Aunt Clara in Brooklyn, but she says Aunt Anna ought to help do something for me, so once or twice a week, when she gets tired out and wants to go to some place to get rested up, she sends me over to stay with Aunt Anna. I am going up there now. Sometimes I don't find Aunt Anna at home, but I hope she will be at home to-day, because it looks as if it is going to rain, and I don't like to hang around in the street in the rain.'

The woman felt something uncomfortable in her throat, and she said, 'You are a very little boy to be knocked about this way.' 'Oh, I don't mind,' he said, 'I never get lost. But I get lonesome sometimes on the long trips, and when I see anybody that I think I would like to belong to, I scrooge up close to her so I can make believe that I really do belong to her. This morning I was playing that I belonged to that lady on the other side of me, and I forgot all about my feet. That is why I got your dress dirty.' The woman put her arm around the tiny chap and 'scrooged' him up so close that she hurt him, and every other woman who had heard his artless conversation looked as if she would not only let him wipe his shoes on her best gown, but would rather he did it than not.—'Standard.'

For the Busy Mother.

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Religious Notes.

A German doctor wrote to 150 eminent poets and authors, asking if they found alcohol an aid to their work. He received 115 replies, and all but seven of these were to the effect that alcohol in any shape or form was a hindrance, destroying concentration and playing havoc with mental labor. And this was in beer-soaked Germany.

The Rev. E. P. Hammond the evangelist, whose work among the children of two continents has been so successful, has been invited to spend a year in India. The Rev. Richard Burgess, general secretary of the India Sunday School Union, will organize a series of meetings for Mr. Hammond, whose labors will be to a very large extent among the famine children in the mission orphanages. Dr. Hammond's visit and its results will be of special interest to all who have had a share in the India Orphan Work.

Mr. Sidney J. Long, for some years a missionary of the London Missionary Society in South Africa, tells the story of a chance visitor at his station who was prostrated on his foot journey by malarial fever. The man was a Norwegian who had lived a wild life as jockey and gambler in various countries. In the course of his wanderings he left Delagoa Bay, East Africa, for the Transvaal. On his tramp he was obliged to seek refuge in an abandoned blockhouse, where he expected certainly to die. But a young Zulu, about seventeen years of age, discovered him, took him up in his arms, and carried him to his own hut by the river; went back for his kit, and with his own hands prepared for the sick man a bed and refreshment. When the European was beginning to recover, the Zulu passed hours in reading to his patient from the Zulu Bible, and when the Norwegian was able to depart, the African refused to accept the money which was offered for his services.

A gracious revivil has been in progress in Sweden for over a year. Its influence has been widely felt in Stockholm and in smaller cities throughout the land. There is a great difference reported between the prayer-meetings now and formerly. It is said that people are willing to forsake food and rest to take time to attend the services. The converts show much eagerness for the prayer meetings. When it was proposed during last May to cease holding them every day, the people requested that they might be continued.

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Gold Cuff Links	70 cents	1.00	Four new subscriptions.
Ingersoll Watch	$1.00	1.25	Five new subscriptions.
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Gold Locket	1.25	1.75	Seven new subscriptions.
Gold Chain	1.00	1.50	Six new subscriptions.
Sterling Silver Souvenir Spoon, coffee size, bowl engraved to order, any one name	1.00	1.15	Five new subscriptions.

These premiums have been described separately in these pages before. Fuller particulars at any time on application.

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Your choice from these four for two new subscriptions:

1. 'Sea, Forest and Prairie'—A collection of Canadian Stories, that some of the 'Messenger' readers helped to make. Cloth bound; good type.
2. 'Barnaby Rudge,' by Charles Dickens. Cloth bound; gilt top.
3. 'Kenilworth,' by Sir Walter Scott. Cloth bound; gilt top.
4. 'Ivanhoe,' by Sir Walter Scott. Cloth bound; gilt top.

Any one of the above sent postpaid for one renewal to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents and twenty cents in cash, or separately for twenty-five cents.

Free and postpaid for two new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at forty cents each. Or, one renewal and one new subscription to the 'Messenger' at forty cents each and a book to each subscriber, all for only one dollar.

Sterling Silver Spoons

FULL SIZE

1. Sterling silver teaspoon, full size, beautiful chaste pattern; something to give lifelong satisfaction. A stock design, so that you can add spoons large or small, or forks large or small, as may be desired. (Same size as cut.)

One of these spoons sent postpaid with one renewal to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents and $1.10 in cash, or separately to 'Messenger' subscribers for $1.25.

Free and postpaid to an old subscriber sending only five new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

2. Souvenir spoon, large size, sterling silver, handle showing handsome figure of Indian, with raised paddle, the whole surmounted by Canadian Coat-of-Arms in fine hard enamel. (See cut.)

Bowl may be left plain, or engraved to order with any desired name—a very beautiful spoon—retails at $2.25.

Free and postpaid for only eight new subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each. If you cannot get eight, send 25 cents in cash for each subscription you lack.

No. 2.

Silver Plated Spoons

One-half dozen silver-plated Teaspoons, 1847 Rogers-plate, that any housekeeper might be justly proud of. The set neatly packed in plush-lined box. These premiums are well worth all the trouble it may cost to secure the somewhat large list of subscribers.

This set sent postpaid for one renewal to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents and $2.00 in cash, or separately to 'Messenger' subscribers for $2.25.

Free and postpaid for nine new subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

N.B.—If the required number of subscribers cannot be obtained, add 25 cents in cash for each one lacking.

None of these premiums can be sent to the United States except the Bibles, the Fountain Pen, and the Watch—The others could only be sent at subscriber's own risk, customs charges to be paid by the receiver.

Further particulars cheerfully given. Sample Copies and Subscription blanks sent free on application.
Agents wanted everywhere to work on commission. Liberal terms.

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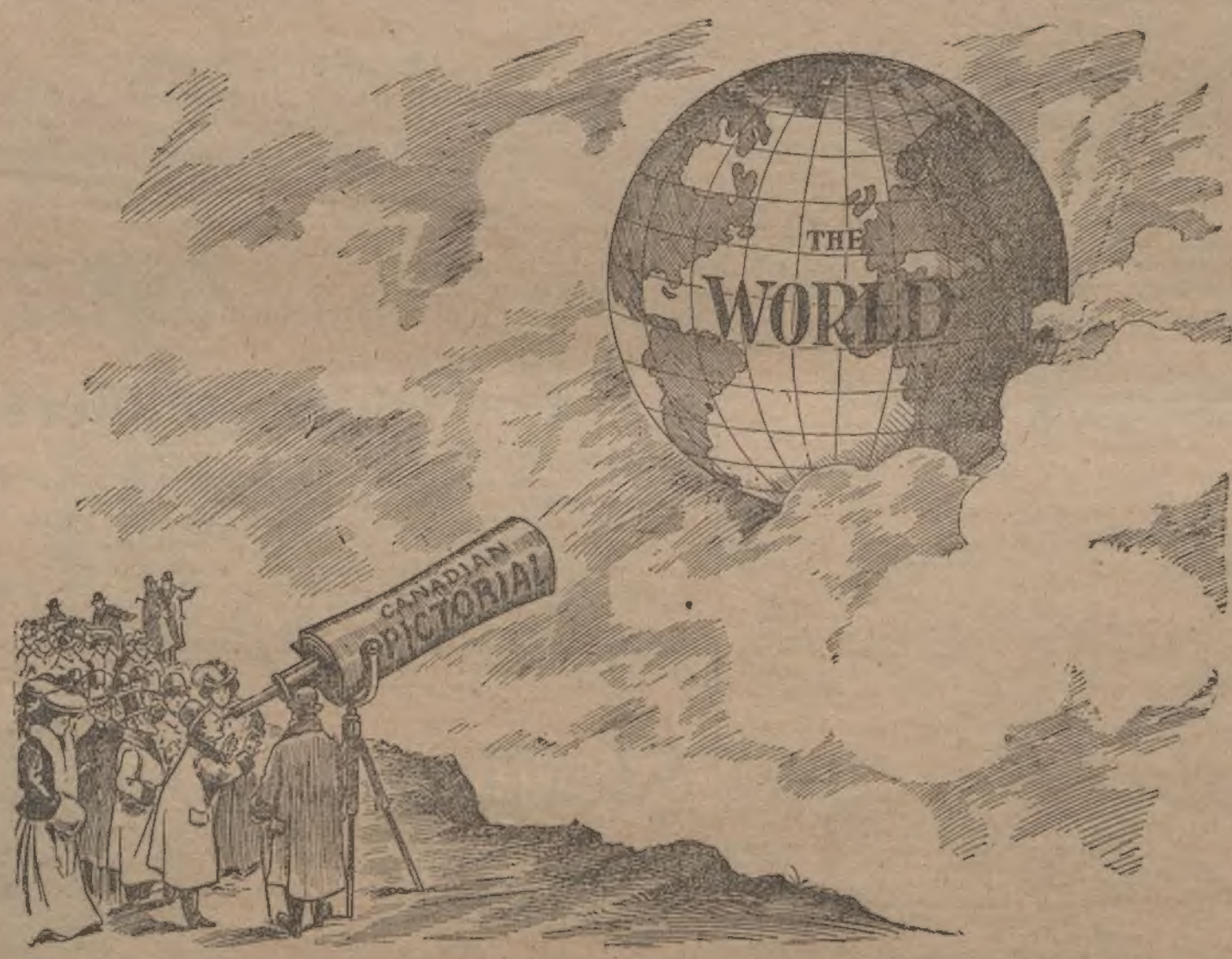

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N.B.—These special offers ARE NOT AVAILABLE for Montreal and Suburbs, but are good for almost all the rest of the English speaking world. See Postal Regulations on Page 14.